Dar. A boone (my soueraigne) for my seruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace my soule is full of sorrow.
Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse grant,
Kin. Then speake at once, what is it thou demandest?
Dar. The forfeit (Soueraige) of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a ryotous gentleman
Lately attending on the Duke of *Norffolke*,
Kin. Haue I a tongue to dome my brothers death,
And shall the same giue pardon to a slaue;
My brother slew no man, his fault was nought,
And yet his punishment was cruell death.
Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete, and bad me be aduisde?
Who spake of brother-hood, who of loue?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The mighty *Warwicke*, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at *Tewxbury*,
When *Oxford* had me downe he rescued me,
And sayd deare brother liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he lapt me
Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himselfe
All thinne and naked to the numbe cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters or your wayting vassailes
Haue done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our dearest Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon
And I vniustly too, must grant it you,
But for my brother not a man would speake,
Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe,
For him poore soule: the proudest one you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iustice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*
Come *Hastings*, helpe me to my closet, oh poore *Clarence*,

Glo.

Glo. This is the fruit of rawnesse: marke
How that the guilty kindred of the *Queene*,
Lookt pale when they did heare of *Clarence*
Oh, they did vrge it still vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort *Edward* with our company.
Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence C
Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our Father
Dut. No Boy.
Boy. Why doe you wring your hands and b
And cry, Oh *Clarence* my vnhappy sonne?
Girle. Why doe you looke on vs and shake
And call vs wretched, Orphanes, castawaies
If that our noble Father be aliue?
Dut. My pritty Cosens you mistake me mu
I do lament the sicknesse of the King:
As loth to loose him now your Fathers dead
It were lost labour to weepe for one that's lo
Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is
The King my vncle is too blame for this:
God will reuenge it, whom I will importun
With dayly prayers all to that effect.
Dut. Peace Children peace, the King doth l
Incapable and shallow inocents,
You cannot gesse who caused your Fathers d
Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vnc
Told me, the King prouoked by the *Queen*
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when he told me so he wept,
And hugd me in his armes, and kindly kist m
And bad me relie on him as one my Father,
And he would loue me dearely as his Childe.
Dut. Oh that deceit should steale such gen
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my sonne, yea and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did dissemble,
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noys

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